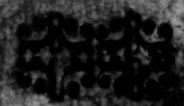


1766 in THE Year 1767
CAUSES
AND
CURES
Of an unwilling
WARRE
OR,

Justice awakened from Gownes to Guns
Historified By Philalætes.

Omnistatenda prorsusque Arma.



Printed in the year 1767

THE
CIVIL
AND
CRIMINAL

OF an unwilling

WARRIOR

OF

Justice and Mercy from Governor to Governor
Historical by H. H. H.

Omnia sunt bona quod sunt bona



Printed in the year 1845.

To the judicious Reader who can, and the impartial who
will, truly Critick the Times.

Great are our forces, what Gallenist yet may,
Or Paracelsus prescribe a way
For our Curetion, we doe feeble our evils
Like scandals base; uponspred, yea, like Devils,
But who, Malignant spirits, can conjure downe?
Knowne plagues to Court, Camp, City, Countrey Towne?
To this I answer, sooner comes the Cure,
Knowne Causes when remov'd, Gallen assures,
(Hippocrates and Ruffs hold this true,
Barlow, Peresius, and Chyrurgians new,
Now Papsme Cause is, more then heretofore
Why now, we wallow in our bloody Gore,
Like Cadmus brethren, and Polinices,
Mutually wounded by Eteneles,
In Barbarismes wast in blood, in postures cruell,
We vulnerate one another, in each duell,
In these domestick Wars, both hatcht and fed,
By bloody Priests, (our home bredt vipers bred.)
As in all Christian coasts, East, West, South, North,
Rome her Palladium fatal, hath sent forth
As full of Treasons, which State Ruines seekes,
As was the Trojan Hoise, once full of Greeke,
Chieffy with Jesuites, it is stuf and gorg'd,
Whose Tongues and Pens, blacke Treason have disgorg'd,
And vomited even in the face of Kings,
And tyde their Crownes to Mixers, by strange strings,
England and Ireland, and oft Waritracker France,
(Where Jesuites, their Factions did advance.)
With Lacerate Germany, and Palatinate,
Have felt their Tongues, Teeth, Matchevillian Pate,
So have the Belgicks, || *Bohemians,*
Bohemians, Suedians, and Silesia
And all parts else, where they a foot have got,
And *Swissers* *Russians* *Polish* *Prussians* *the poe*

* Pretended
to be sent
from Pallas.

|| Anno 1584
1594. 1598.
for the Belgick
Chronicles,
Tom. 1. pag
519.
* Anno 1608
1609.

Their Tragick plots, pranks, Pageants so well knowne,
felt, feard'd, I need not rip, they may be shewne
Writ on truth's Columes, with the blood of Kings
And States: *Romes* vassalized underlings:
In *England, Ireland*, now (both Lands of Ire)
How have they kindled their infernall fire?
More hot then *Etna*, or *Vesuvius* burning,
(Which *Pliny* choak't) which turns our mirth to mourning.
We hang our Harps, (our heart-strings broke) upon
The whipping Willows of proud *Babylon*,
What their sanguinolent Agents, old and new
Their Superstitious Factors, with the crew
Of miscreant Malignants, Cavilliers
Have done (of Heaven and Hell devoyd of feares)
How they have made our wounds, how to be cured,
I salves prescribe: the chiefe, *Charles* rightly Lured,
This high flowne Eagle, whilom, (who now smites
Our Doves,) reclaimed be from *Harpies* Kites,
Who his good *Genius* poyson, and his nature
Croft mould, to be their own-game-pouncing-creature,
Then shall the pluckt Innocuous birds have rest,
And quietly sit and sleep in the irowne nest,
As in *Augustus* dayes, and in the times
of *Solomon*, Grace, Peace shall blesse our Clymes.
Besides all know, what Court Dames doe, brave Beagles,
More fierce then Males, (like shee-Haukes, Wolves and Eagles)
To help *Nimrodians*, *Nero's*, *Saul's*, and *Caine's*,
To dye white *Albion* red, in bloody graines:
Confederates with *God-dam-me's*, *Pluto's* Proctours,
Witches and Conjurers, and the Devils Doctours.
What I have done, these pests for to discover,
Peruse these Sheddles, if thou be'st truths lover;
Ope thy impartiall eye, try gold from drosse,
See what is *Englands* trouping Plague, Curse, Crosse,
In just scales poize the Cause, if thou be'st wise,
and see on whom, our *British* blood now lies.
And if from *Babylon* our Land now be
Made an *Abeldama*, out of her Flee;
Detest the Favourites of the Scarlet Whoore,
Our blouds, our goods, who pluck, and squeeze us poore!



To the Honourable, and ever Honoured
Colonels, Captains and Commanders
in these Defensive Warres.

These muzzle puzzle Momists, booke the Junes
Of Doege: who ascke your Righteom Cause;
These spur your speeds, Anchor (sans fluctation)
Your right resolves for Church, State, Reformation;
These whet your Swords, fuellize your zealous Fires
For Grace, Peace, Truth, which wisht, my loves, desires;
All my poore best, my Martiall minde, tongue, pen,
Are with you, for you, brave resolved Men.
Fight you for us, wee will your Trophies raise,
Crown your devoirs, with Prayers, Praises, Bayes.

H. Redivivum.

Tha

To the Honorable, and our Honored
Colonel, Captain, & Company
of the 1st Regt. of the Mass. Militia

The first of these is the fact that the
 second of these is the fact that the
 third of these is the fact that the
 fourth of these is the fact that the
 fifth of these is the fact that the
 sixth of these is the fact that the
 seventh of these is the fact that the
 eighth of these is the fact that the
 ninth of these is the fact that the
 tenth of these is the fact that the

1944-1945



The Causes and Cures of an unwilling war; &c.

Long Albion flourish't, In a Lawreat Peace,
With her faire Daughters, Plenty and Increase,
Bright did Heavens Sun, In our Horizon shine,
With minnie of Morall and Divine
Blessings, and gifts; the Muses and the Graces,
Moses Minerva wise, fixt in their places;
Spoke her the Wonder, yea, the Mistrisse great
For adjuments and ornaments compleate
To all the welkin World, tho her confine
Were but an Angell in the Westerne line,
Scarce knowne in former Times, so far remote
From Continents: yet late of such high Note
To Forreigne Countries was the paramour,
The garden of the World, for every flower:
A Sunne she was amongst the lesser Stars,
Splendent and Luminous both in Peace and Wars;
Fruitfull in song, who dy'd in Honours bed,
With *Dionides* hands, *Olysses* head,
Her *Essex*, *Sydney*, *Talbot*, *Howard*, *Prattle*
I need not sing, all Crown'd with Martiall Bayes,
With millions more, out of their antient frame,
As worthy *Virgil* peer; and *Homer* song,
As that *Achilles*, or *Anchises* sonne;
Hector, or he that kill'd the *Morividen*.
Here *Troy* was, *Hesperides* here, the Fleece
Call'd Golden, not in *Colchos*, nor in *Greece*,
Our *Yorkshire*, *Lincolnshire*, and *Hampshire* Wool,
Instaple Traficke, this spoke to the full:
Nay, here was *Cadmus* fleece, and *Golden* bright,
The world bloud wet and dark, we dry and light;
Cape of good hope, *Elizian* fields, withall
Fortunate Ile, we might our *Albion* call.

Shee was a Rubie in the Ring inroll'd,
 Of the glori'd Earth; a Pearle right set in gold;
 For shee and neighbouring Continents, Coasts, Isles,
 Did Holize her glories, begg'd her smiles:
 A Christall glasse she was, where other Nations
 Saw metall spots, and civiliz'd their fashions,
 And luster from her tooke, as *Cynthia* bright,
 From *Phebus* borrowes her refulgent light.
 Shee Was an Eagle which did soare above
 Her circling Birds, ay'd all by feare, or love.
 Hence Was mee proud *Spaines* scourge; *Romes* Crowne or Curb,
 Wilde *Irelands* Curb, and the *Low Countries* Nurle.
 Her wodden walls, and her Sea-horles rid
 On *Neptunes* backe, *Leisons* their homage did,
 Shee the Seas Mistresse might in every Dittie,
 Be stil'd, Sea-wed, more then the Maiden * City.
 But my *Thalis* now, in new flames must
 Recant her Glories late, laid in the dust;
 Brittle as glasse, be our Terrificalls all,
 Up downe like Wea-scales; tost like Tennis ball;
 Fbbing and flowing, like to fouds and seas,
 On Eagles wings they fly, which way they please;
 Like snow built Castles, how they soone melt downe,
 Waxing and waining like the pale face't Moone.
 Oh how on Reeds, Bogs, Quags on them we build!
 Our helps, hopes, peace, now be we taught and shoul'd.
Englands sweet waters, now like *Jordan* turne
 Brinish; and Red sea like they backward run.
 Chang'd are our calmes to stormes, here those death wing
 Here tad *Melpomine*, begins to sing.
 Her dolorous Accents; and her tragick Tones,
 Like to the *Turtles* Cads, *Hens* groanes,
 The moanes of *Burthen*, *Pellican* and *Swan*,
 Of nest rob'd *Nightingales* for dying man.
 Shee sympathizeth, *Former* sad streines,
 And *Ovids Tristia* quite with her complaines.
Albions Halcion Dayes, they live not long,
 Dog-dayes succored, which quite spoyle her Song.
 And all the music of her joyes, turn'd fitts,
 Helipst her Sun, and her Solary heats.

Dissolv'd into a black, and pitchy cloud
 With rained blood, from which we could not shroud
 Our plagued selves, no more then from Joves Ire
 Of Raine the worldlings, *Sodom* from strange fire;
 From *Dan* we to *BeerSheba*, we doe reele,
 And plagues like *Egypt*, *Ammon*, *Moab*, feeble.
 Chiefly the Sword, which eats our flesh, drinks blood,
 Changing our waters to a crimson flood,
 As best effect of sin, which brings all evils,
 Turns Heaven to Hell, sads Angels, glads the Devils.
 Sin is that *Agrippina*, which hath bred
 Our *Nero's*, which their Mothers blood have shed.
 Sin worst of Vipers, now hath hatcht each pest,
 Which teares his Countries breeding feeding brest.
 Sins to us *Sodom's* grapes, and gall afford,
 Sins are our colloquint, our poysoning gourd.
 Sins are our *French* Fleas, our chiefe unctions marring,
 Which oyl'd the Crown; our tun'd strings, turn they jarring,
 Our Peace to Wars; in *Irish* Bogs of woe
 They plunge us still, for up to Heaven they goe
 With *Nimue's*; and cry for vengeance more,
 Their guilt and staine, since sleightly we deplore.
 Our Harps (our hearts) unstring, we sing harsh notes
 Like to the Scritch-owles cries, the Ravens croakes:
 Even chang'd be in a trice, our songs of *Sion*,
 To *Babel's* lighes; incens'd *Judah's* Lion
 For hundreth years a Lamb, now seemsto teare us,
Nemesis provok't, he could no more forbear us;
 Our sugred Wine to Vinegar, now turnes,
 Wrath brings (sin poysoned) to untimely urnes.
 Millions of peecant soules, who in the dust
 Now sleep, (as *Israel* once) in graves of lust,
 Besides these *Abels*, *Nabuehs*, *Zachariab's*,
 Slaine by *Rome*, *Neroes*, *Ababs*, *Zedekia's*.
 But how may some say, did our Paradise,
 Turne reall Purgatory in a trice,
 How did our Gold turne Drosse, our Silver Tin,
 How did Religion lose, Rebellion win.
 How did we Peace (with Grace) quit at a clap;
 Listen *Nimrodian* wiles, and Hells maine trap;

For as I may, I will unrip a Fardle,
 Would move a heart of *Caucasus*; melt Marble,
 Yea into *Niebe's*, turne Jangling Jayes,
 Heaven bred *Urania*, inspire my layes.
 I have not drunke at *Aganippe's* Well,
 Nor scal'd *Parnassus*; I plaine truth to tell,
 Desire not *Phobus*, not the sisters nine,
 But the true *Love*, for to direct each line,
 Dropt from my pen like blond in piteous *Ruth*,
 Whil't I anatomize the naked truth.
 Thus thus; the Serpent enemy to Grace,
 As to externall, and internall peace;
 Who betwixt God and man lew *Asa's* seeds
 Of discord first; and still with wheat sowers weeds:
 Hating Gods Image, in best Saints that were,
 As Panthers doe mans hated picture teare.
 This Serpent by his spawnes long lodg'd in cels,
 His *Gundimers*, *Maabivils*, *Achitophels*,
 Court *Hammans*, French *Samballats*, *Romes* *Tobiabs*,
 Deanes, Temporizing Doctors, *Zedechiabs*,
 Prelates, Court Chaplaines, *Pashures*, a *Amazishs*,
 Hating pure *Michea's*, Patriot *Obadiah's*,
 (Church and State pillars) every *Amos* loving,
 As Foxes Lambes, their flesh and fleece off shooving.
 Helin, *White*; couzening *Couzens*, *Lauds*, wretch (*Wren*)
 With birds of such blacke feathers, pests of men,
 As *Simson* to *Levie*, brethren bloudy,
 Drunke with *Romes* Philters, till braine-sick, and giddy;
 As *Crowes* intoxicate with *mox vomics*,
 And *Fish* with *oculus Indis*, in mad play:
 Ayming to turne Grace and Religion both
 Into vaine Rites, as Bottle-Ale to froth;
 Or as some Sycamore Trees, their fruits to leaves,
 As bad grounds change to rares, and weeds with sheaves;
 (As Owles have little flesh, but feathers all,)
 These *Sinons*, *Simons*, *Sathanists*, with gall
 Full gorg'd; with vilde Malignants, like to these
 Infected with the Frenchif'd disease,
 Of Spleene, Lust, pride, : *Arminians* Romanized,
 Papized Prelates, mainely Jesuitized,

h Jer. 20. 2.

b 1 Kings

22. 24.

c 1 Kings

28. 13.

d Amos 7.

10, 11.

e Gen. 49. 5.

f Gal. 4. 9.

Co. 2. 20,

21, 22.

g Acts. 8. 23.

With such *Sampsonian* Foxes, linckt in Ire;
 Gods planted Vines, (and Vinitors) to fire;
 In hearts, hands, heads and tayles, close chain'd in one,
 Plotting with *Pluto*, fought to cast a bone
 Twixt King and Parliament, with dam'd intent,
 From the sound Body, this great Head to rent:
 They thought withall to Cyclops, his cleave-eyes,
 That *Poliphemus* (in *Ulysses* Guize)
 They might scape Gun-shot of the Lawes strickt bent
 From a Trienniall feared Parliament:
 At Schoole-boyes and Ship Squabs, who mad pranks play;
 These fear'd the whip, and the correction day:
 As much as Stewards false, i which doe dissemble,
 At thoughts of Audits strickt, doe quake and tremble;
 Yea Woodeocke like, a Mist they wisht and waitt,
 With *Finch* on *Windy banks*, to fly, ere catcht.
Wilnot and *Digby*, wily cabs and fly,
 A *Germane* too, had fingers in the pye;
 With many such, cleare peace, who stir'd, to mud,
 To fish their owne base ends in *A.bious* bloud.
 Ayming to purge out all, pure just and good,
 Who for Religion, Lawes and Justice stood.
 Suggesting to the Lion, for their prey,
 His right streight ready, and compendious way
 To worke his will, and give to lusts the day
 Over all Lawes, as *Turkish* Tyrants sway:
 Was to crush *Puritanes*: or cut them downe
 As *Remora's* to their ends; Poes to his Crowne:
 To bang up, hang up so, the sheapheards Dogs,
 That they like Wolves might worry, wroutelike Hogs
 Even where they list, without controll or check,
 Curb by no Lawes, but by the Princes becke,
 (Like *Lauissaries* who all powers withstand,
 And move at their great *Ottoman* Command.
 As Novices, hang at their Jesuites strings
 In blinde Obedience, to poyson Kings.)
 So pind to Kings, as Vines unto their wals,
 Iviesto Oakes, in risings or in falls:
 Their King to be their Law, their Lord their God,
 Their great *Apollo*; let him feelethe rod,

Judg. 15.
14.

1 Mo. 16. 3.

*Perfid more
 quod liber lia
 ce. Lancla
 vus derchro
 Turcici.
 I Allusio olim
 Demosthenis
 sua Atheni
 ensibus.
 in Epist. in
 his Turkish
 History.
 Vide Ignat.
 de obedientia
 Scil. 3. 357.
 15. 17. &
 Morpheum in
 vita Ignatii.
 Lib. 2. cap. 9*

Yea heading Axe, if any *Puritan*,
 This Contradiet; A Traytor call him than.
 But Papists for their good and milde behaviour,
 In *England, Ireland, France*, *Charles* ought to favour;
 Good Subjects, they their beards and braines doe pledge
 Asever any King hang'd on his hedge:
 (Sure of their Regall service, they may boast,
 Done to their Pope and Queen in *Patrick's Coast*.)
 Deep Politicians, they by this nought lose,
 To change their Protestant Dublets for *French hose*;
Rochets and *Tippets* for a Cardinals Har,
 (*Parsons* and *Wolsey* thought to gaine by that:)
 And so did *Eccius*, *Piggins* too, I wot,
 Else had they not, gainst *Luther* been so hor:
 But if the *Puritans* stood, they knew right well,
 Gods Arke went up, they and their Dagon fell, p
 They and their milts should fade, their clouds decline,
 In Gods right Worship, should the Gospel shine:
 Gone were the counterfelts, brought to the Tests, q
 The candle shewes the theeves, it them molests.
 These Cockatrices egges, r though whil'st they hatch,
Ixions clouds s, they for *French-Luno* catch
 Shadowes for substance, those most venerable
Dorbels have graspt, or claspt with *Esops* Fable:
 (Goate-like) so high they climbe, on old State wals,
 Till they have caught *Humans*, and *Wolsey* fals:
 Yea with a vengeance, by *Asiras* frowne,
 Our *Empsons*, *Dudleys*, *Mortimers* come downe;
 As *Spencers* once, and that *Cat*, *Rat*, and *Dog*,
 Who this spung'd kingdome swai'd, rul'd by a *Hog*. o
 Chiefly great *Charles*, his safety to builds on
 Each *Ribbocorniz'd* w. ye *young Phaeton*,
 And *Ammons Ionadsbs*, x (neglecting so
 True *Jonathans*, y and *Husbys* z, to his woe:)
 As if with Inck and Tar, he thought to wash
 The face of Church and State: or gave a mass
 Of powder'd Lead, unto the sickle or fore:
 In Court or Camp: or swam unto the store:
 On milstones in a storme: for in this fashion,
 His Papiz'd Champions, stand for Reformation.

His heart rot Agents, so Religion love,
 As Hounds doe Haires: Catt, Mice, or Haukes the Dove.
 These our State Empericks by their verball dyet,
 (Little acquainted ere with Doctor Quier :)
 Not purging, but procuring the Kings evill,
 As Hells maine Organs, Factors for the Devil,
 So Rir'd ill humours, that our fixt peace long
 Fled: which to mourning, turn'd our Patriots song.
 Who grieving credulous Charles, should give an care
 To such his worst of snakes and vipers were.
 And that he should be carried on their fist,
 (Hauke-like hood-winkers, to pounce, even whom they list.
 Since *Dionysius* once by *Diceles*,
 And *Arifippus*; Sycophants like these,
 And Peeres and Princes, moe, a by flatterers fell,)
 By Antidotes they thought to cure him well:
 But more, since he in *Rehebeans* case,
 Seduced was, yea bewitcht, by Counsellours base,
 Chief, least that he should taste (uxorious meere.)
 Wife *Salomons*, and *Theodosius* cheare, c
 (As now their fowre fauce, each griev'd Subject feelles)
 Ere all were shipwracke: which now ran on wheels,
 Themselves, Church, State, to save, from threatning harmes,
 Their Prince to rescue chiefe, from poysoning charmes
 Of Parasites, who for to plunder moneys,
 Drawne from rich nunes, even still make ropes of honeys,
 For these ends: (tho knowne foes, to all Alarms)
 Our Tribunes were infor't to take up Armes.
 As hunted *David* didd, and *Mordachy*, c
 Jewes, Romans, Christians, in all history.
 Since reason, (nature) hath, to men: beasts, suited,
 Defensive Armes, unjustly persecuted: *
 Bees, Wasps, Asps use their stings, the crawling worme
 Will save a life: Fish, Birds, Brutes, Serpents turne,
 Their powers, their policies, against grim death
 Lion and Locusts yeeld unwilling breath:
 Who then can justly taxe, their acts, aimes, end,
 A State by Wars last refuge to defend.
 To feare the Churches ship from threatning rocks,
 Where all wayes else: were words but spoke to blocks,

a Read the
 catalogue of
 them in *Tru-*
sonius his ex-
 amples. *Lon-*
cor in his
Theater Tex-
tor in his *Of-*
ficina. & *Ful-*
gofus, titulo
de adulato-
re King. 11.
 8, 9. *Nebem.*
 13, 16.

c What mis-
 chiefes heri-
 ticall women
 have brought
 to Kings, and
 wrought in
Courts: read
Cyrenus upon
Jud. pag. 374.
Sigfridus
Succus his
sermons. 107.
 3. par. 4. p. 760
 and *Adela-*
mus cronicles.
lib. 2. pag. 2. p.
 6. pag. 256.
 269.

d *1 Sam. 22. 2*
 e *Est. 1. 1, 2, 3*
 f *Ever* *figr-*
in, *pro aris*
 & *f. eis.*

* *Fugiant na-*
civa.

- And Adders eares : and such effects did find,
 As for to sow the dust, and reape the wind-
 As colours which were shew'd unto the blinde,
 Yea Physicks, which the desperate do not minde
 In this case, tell me, pollicitick *Gallio* :
 To save themselves, what they distrust, should doe ;
 Should they lye down, and cry with Craven notes,
 Come *Sauists*, *Ababst*, cut our sheepish throates.
 Come *Doegs* ; come Court Dogs, and false accuse us,
 Then kill us if *Saul* bidg, more to misse us :
 Come Nimrods h, come God-dam-mee's, slash our pates
 Come *Raines* Brandetties ; *French* Assassinate :
 You are the Foxes, we will be the Sheep :
 You Wolves i, we Lambs, we scarce can bleat or weep.
 (*Alas* our Fate) you Poucats, wee'l let in
 To worry all, without trap, batt, or *Gin* :
 You are the hounds, we timorous hairees, or deere,
 We will not use our heeles yet ; shoot us here.
 Just at a stand, each Round-head, Sound-head thinke,
 A *Rufus*, *Abbots* shafts may more bloud drinke.
 Hit home ; we will not run, nor squat, nor double,
 Tapez or Croize ; to save a life from trouble.
 The bolts which you doe make ; if *Cæsar* shoot,
 Are *Ioues* k, owne darts, we can say nothing wot.
 Just must all be, that's done by *Alexander*,
 Tho drunk at *Babylon* : he cannot wander l :
 Tho burne *Persopolis*, and *Cilix* kill m,
 Yea leaue'd *Calisthenes* : Just is his will,
 (*As Æolus*) *Iunon*, who dare him gainesay ;
 Tho that a *Lais*, *Thais* he ob-y,
Abim, must *Persian* like, make lusts, her Lawes
 f l i s we are Simplicians, Dulmans Dawes !
 Kill *Nabobs*, *Egypt* o, take *Uriahs* wife :
 Squeeze, plunder goods, blouds, liberty and life
 Of molt and best : (for wolves on fat sheep prey.
 And fat bucks sleight dogs single, Woodmen say.)
 Be *Ostracism* ; p tip conjurd ; Hell renued,
Romane *Triumvirs*, cannot be eschued :
Athenian Tyrants, nor yet *Cæsarine* :
Scully, nor *Dræke* s Lawes t, can we decline.

Egypt Taskmasters, may not be gainesaid,
 Commotions of Array, must be obvi'd.
 In Turkish cruelty, tho squeezing all,
 Chopping rich *Bashawes*, into gobbets small.
 Strangling great *Begglerbegs*, by active mutes,
 Yea *Mustaphas*, when *Ottomans* will so suites:
 If *Cannibals*, *Hannibals*, *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Gotes*,
 Be regaliz'd, we must indure their heats;
 Submit our necks, to a *Vatiman* hate:
 Though sprung from *France* or *Rome*, yea *Rhyme* of late,
 Prince *Rupert* Bake-all, is a younger Brother,
 He must retorne rich home, there's no way other,
 In his squeaz'd soile w, to make his weake wing good;
 But our pluckt Golden plumes, sleepe in our blood.
 Each *Crasus*, *Cassius*, *Midus*, *Pbidius*,
 Must be a rinden, stridden, golden Ass.
 Each rich one, must be *Rebell*, or *Moundhead*,
 As once a Tyrant, sits with all one bed.
 The shortest stretching long, by racking strength,
 Cutting them shorter, who had too much length.
 As once *Farnesius* y, vow'd in Eighty eight
 His sword, all *English* bred should hew downe right,
 And that in *Lamberus* blood, his horse should swim,
 (An *Irish* spirit *Pythagoriz'd* was in him.)
 If Ass (or Mule) be fat, the Lion swears,
 That me: amorphizd Hornes; be his long eares:
 As in prime Paganish, *Arrian* persecutions,
 Our teares must be our swords, our resolutions
 With Primitive Saints, must passive be: we parts
 Of *Abellart*, tho *Caine* should pierce our hearts.
 Our chopping cramb'd Court Chaplaines, vwill impeach us
 Of Treason: our selves saving: for they teach us,
 God that *Augustus* gave, *Damian* sent,
 If Kings be *Storkes*, the Frogs must be content.
Jupiter sends no Logs, vevv *Caesars* Line
 From *Nire*, to peace-planting *Constantinea*.
 What Christians are resisted, good cause vvhy,
 Their povers vvare vvake, besides vvhat History,
 Shevves any Paganish King, in any Region,
 By oath vvare to defend Christs true Religion.

f Exod i. 13.
 13. Cha. 5. 6

i In *Lancel-
 vus*, & *par-
 abase* his pil-
 grimage.
 u *Mortuus*
 est *Mustapha*:
 proverbium
 tragicum a-
 pud *Turcos*.
 w The *Pal-
 tine*.

x Of his r
 vast weal. to
 read *Brus-
 nius*, *Textor*
Fulgosus. ti-
 tu's de divi-
 tibus.

y A comman-
 der under the
 Prince of
Parma.

z *Arma no-
 stra*, precis
 & *lachryma*:

a Apud *En-
 sibium* in vi-
 ta *Constantina*

Yea

Yea under *Decius, Traian, Atilius,*
b Victor & Nerva, proud *Cosro's,* steme *Torilars. b*
prospicius p's- *Theodericke, Gensericus;* all more
sim de perfe- Of *Romans, Gothes?* Christs sheep and lambs who tore,
cutione Van- Where ere were Parliaments of patriots?
dalorums. Tyrants to curb, and save poore Christians throats?
 Who by sanguinolent Doctors, now must bleed:
 From bloud wrung Texts, which come not, in my Creed.
 Since all irrationalls: by art, knew well
 To save poore life, the Crow will powder smell.
 Cranes, wilde ducks, wilde-Geese too, keep centinell,
 To warne the flocks to fly, ere kil'd pell mell.
 Yea when that growing sicknesses diseafe them,
 Nature to Birds, Brutes, dictates e, what will ease them;
 The Weazell, Rue; sick Dogs (Cats) five leav'd grassie,
c De quibus Doth cure: Hemlocks the Mauritanian Asse;
fusus apud Spiders heale Apes, and Munkies stomack sick:
Tholsanum And mans dung Panthers, which they seek to lick:
in sint agnate So hony physicks Beares; Doves, Partridge, Jayes,
utis mira- And mans dung Panthers, which they seek to lick:
bilis. So hony physicks Beares; Doves, Partridge, Jayes,
 And purg'd by lawrell leavés, experience sayes.
 Yea, *Pliny, Gesner,* and Physicians note
 How physicaill cures, man from the creatures got.
 And every animall still, doth what it can
 To save or cure a life; but passive man
 Must yeeld his yoked neck, to strangling theeves.
 Lie in the ditch, and seek for no relieves.
 Just safeties mult but cloakes be, from Heaven showres,
 Resist (forsooth) he must not higher Powers;
 Tho turn'd to Tyranny, as Wine to dregs:
 These Doctrines feed a Church, like rotten eggs.
 When that the Lion roares, best beasts must feare,
 When Eagles please to prey, poore birds they teare:
 Thus mult our Peers and State, be fool'd to death,
 Unlesse infort Armies, save their vitall breath:
 Court Sycophants, by smooth Sophisme, all would hur,
 To make us lie dovne, till our throats vveré cut:
 Which since it is a damnable conclusion:
 To bring on all, Phaeon'ian confusion;
 Our vviter Ephorills, from Religion, Reason,
 Grace, Nature, Lawes, tooke Armes without least Treason,

In just defence of Parliament and Lawes,
 To save the Land from *Minotaurian* jawes:
 From *Papiz'd*, *Irish*, *French*, and *Albions* soyle,
 Who all cry still, up *Mosab* to the spoyle: d
 Withall, as with one bolt, to kill outright
 Two Birds: and two walls with one pencill white:
 They had another just, politicke end,
 From forreigne foes the Land for to defend.
 From *Turks*, *Pope*, *Spain*: who in their hot desires,
 Dance at our fires; and warme at our wisht fires;
Gardiners, aynd withall, to root out weeds,
 Cockles and darnell e, with their stems and seeds.
 Even knowne Delinquents. Lastly, to protect
 These Lawes, which grosse Delinquents *, should correct:
 For take away our Fundamentall Lawes,
 And take the bit and bridle from the jawes,
 Of Horse, Mule, Cammell: from the pendent vine,
 Oylers, and Hops: the props on which they twine;
 Yea, from their strengthening oakes, weake Ivies slip.
 Nay more, helme, anchor, mast, take from the ship:
 And let it be expos'd, by waves, and sheeks,
 When *Boreas* blusters, on the splitting rocks:
 No Pilot then, no *Palmyre* afford it,
 When mutineers would rob it, Pyrates board it.
 Yea pull from houses their foundations strong,
 And like to *Dagons* Shrines lay all along:
 From cities too, their circling walls pull downe,
 Castles, ports, forts, the strength of each Mart towne.
 (As if into *Thebes*, *Babylon*, *Rome*, *Troy*,
Medes, *Goths*, *Greeks*, *Turkes*, were let in to destroy.)
 Yea nerves and sinnewes, from the body take,
 When Lawes we doe, annihilate, scorne, b. cake,
 For none but dolts, in grace, art, nature's schooles,
 Doethink that Kings rule men, like beasts, and mules
 Which they may yoke; whip, draw, drive as they will,
 And as meere brutes, whom (when) they please may kill:
 Without more cause or ground, then Butchers give,
 Why they let ox, sheep, cow, or dye, or live.
 And that men may not in *Elias* case, f
*David*s and *Jonah*s h, resist acts base:

d 2 Kin. 3, 2.

e Infelix Lol-
linus steriles-
que dominan-
sur avena.* Grosse De-
linquents
ought to be
punished by
Gods Law.

Lev. 19. 15.

Deut. 17. 10.

11, 12.

21. 3. & cba.

24. 13. By the

Cannon Law

L. prospicien-

dum F. de

pam. And

Politicians

verdict. Bodin

lib. de Rep.

cap. 10. num.

100. & W ar.

ab Erenb. de

Reg. sub d.

cap. 3. num. 3-

f 2 King. 1-

9. 10.

g 1 Sam. 20.

ch. 21. 22. 23

h 1 Sam. 14. 19

Blinde
i Gen. 21.
9. 15.
k Dan. 3. 18.
l Dan. 6. 8.
9. 10.
m Acts 5.
23. 29.
n P. marchin
Traiano.

Kind, bloody: when rage rules, and reason sleeps,
 (Then Hagar beturn'd out i, tho *Ismail* weepes.)
 What's Regall, if Illegall? well we know,
Sydack and *Misacke*, did disdain to bow,
 In idolizing^k to great *Babels* King,
Daniel is Gods too, (not mans) underling: I
 So Martyrs, Prophets, and Apostles: all
 Confessors did to God^m, not men, rise, fall.
Romes Pretor mast, 'gainst *Traian* use the sword,
 If crost by Law be his Command, Act, Word.
 Oh wash your braines with Saige, you *Tiber* Dawes,
 As Kings rule men, know Kings are rul'd by Lawes:
 Withouten vvhich, like *Tiber*, *Tigris*, *Thames*,
 Yea like fvy'd Seas, they overflow their Realmes,
Noahs and *Ogyges* flood: their devastations
 Doe embleme: yea *Ducations* inundations.
 Oh then they clapper-clavv the best, long hated,
 As lions, bulls, and beares, let loose, vvhon baited.

o Read their
power affirmed
and confirmed
by Bishops de
Senatus Als
abbatus Polin.
a pag. 193.
194 ad pag.
223. Iamior
Brutus de
vindice lib.
1. q. 1. Borrh.
d. author
mathicos filii
man. 170.
Historian in
bisssu Fraic.
cap. 10. & 10
p De vindice
Tyrannorum.
q Hero 1. 24.
tipus Agryppa
A. Iulianus.

But for to spurr more close, to put a hooke
 On the Malignants nose, right led, to looke
 That Parliaments, be novv the povers supreme,
 (Tho Rotchets Rebels, Robes, long held cross Theame)
 Yea Eborists and Tribunes glob'd in one,
 Not Popes may plant, supplant o a Regall throne:
 Chiefly Electives peccant, may goe dovvne,
 As oft the *German*, and *Polonian* Crowne.
 The great *Venetian* Dukes, the *Palatine*,
 Ill governed, to others may decline:
 With all, the pover succellive cannot stand,
 If that the sword be in a tyrants hand.
 Wolves, Tygers, Heriticks, Fooles they handle may,
 Oppose, depose some; Politicians say
 Timpler, *Althusius*, *Bodin*, *Tholofene*,
Arms and *Daneus*, make it plaines
 With *Lippius*, *Coquier*, and the rest; Inditers
 Of Politicks, of Common-veale the Writers
 Chic'e Junor *Brutus* in his rods and whips
 For Tyrants: p Where he, as vvhich pincers nips,
 Wolvish *Caligula*, *Domitian*,
 Nero's, *Herodian* q, *Dionysius* a

Phalaris

Phalaris, *Busiris*, and our crook-back *Dick*,
Hastings and *Buckingham*, who (like *Boares*) did sick;
Bohemish's, *Venezians*, *Jenets*, *Uzzis*,
Polands, *Papiels*, treacherous *Athalia*.
Phereus, *Cosires*, *Bastides*,
 With millions more, who sympathiz'd with these,
 In pride, lust, blood, in bookes enumerated,
 Who from ill-governed Crowns were dislocated,
 Our *Beuclark Prin*; (after whose pen to write,)
 Were *Iliads* after *Homer* to indite:
 Whose works unparalel'd, unanswered be,
 Like to learn'd *Reynolds*, *Romes* Idolatry b:
 He proves the Case, by demonstration plaine,
 From *England*, *Scotland*, *Italy* and *Spain*:
 From *Polland*, *Denmarke*, *Hungary* and *France*.
Bohemia too: in passing measures dane,
 Of *Avarice*, *Lust*, *Injustice*, *blood*; each *King*
 Was curb'd or cur'd; when they abus'd their sting:
 Like master *Bees* in *Hives*, they had no *Thrones*,
 But were extrud'd, like to *Wasps* and *Droanes*.
 Shepherds and dogs, if once with wolves they side
 Against the sheep, what sheep can this abide.
 How the great *Fox* (just *Jove*) doth much abhorre it,
 Hanging or banging, it is to good for it.
 But if the shepherd doe the wolfe detest,
 Why walks he with him? hugs him in his brest?
 Chiefly the wolfe call'd *Rebell*, that the worst
 Of *Irish* Wolves; of *God* and man accurst.
 Who like a *Curtian* gulfe, and *Minotaur*,
 Not onely many millions hath devoured
 Of brutes and sheep, but ore the world hath stunk;
 With *Hecatombes* of *Christian* blood, late drunke.
 And like a good fleeth dog, unworm'd, and wood,
 Is now hug'd, fed, to gulfmore righteous blood
 Of every *Naboth* and *Nathaniell*,
 Who will not side with *Rome*, *Pope*, *Prelate*, *Hell*.
 If any cavilling *Thrase*, make his vaunt,
 His Regall Pastor, is a *Protestant*,
 And hath confirm'd his Faith by solemn oath,
 By *Edicts*, and by *Proclamations* both;

Of *Isabel* &
 other *Tyrants*
 deposed or
 slain, read
Melancthon
Chron. lib. 2.
Iosep. antiq.
lib. 13. c. 18.
Daneus lib. 6
Polit. cap. 3. 4
Elianus v. 1
ria, hist. lib. 13
Gorlicius in
polit. axioma
116. Lipsius li
6. polit. cap. 5.
Bodin
lib. 2. de Rep.
De Idolatria
Rom. ecclesias.
 Of the *Pae-*
laniens argu-
 ment in our
 Nation, read
 Case in his
 politicks li. 3.
 ca. 15. & Sir
 Tho. Smith
 in his *Engl.*
Governments,
lib. 2. sect. 2.
 & how exer-
 cised against
Hen. 3. H. 6.
 & *Rich. 2.*
 read *Pollidor*
Virgil, Hist.
li. 11. Wallin.
 in R. 2. *Hol-*
linshead in H.
6. & Westm.
 That in *H. lib. 3.*

That he hath neither *Iesuites* tongue, nor pate;
(As *Arrius* once) for to equivocate.

More then his Prelates, (on whose sleeves he pins,
His Rites, Religion, Faith: War, Bloud-sheds, Sins,
To carry them in postures odd, or even,
As they poize dubious Scales, to Hell or Heaven.)

Yet if a Protestant, great *Cesar* be,

With the Papiz'd, why holds he sympathie?

Such is the man, as he, with whom he talks,
Italians say, but chiefe with whom he walks:

And Gods Word faith, which cannot be beguiled,
Together two walk not, unreconciled.

Though that the Swallow eat no corne, all knowes,
What doth she yet amongst the carrion Crows.

As the Clowne told her, when their necks were wrung,
Shee bore a sad part in their fatall song.

Sound shee, sound men, sound apples get a spot,

And taint, by living, (lying) with the rot d.

And who to bad mens manners, be no strangers;

By their convertings, doe incurre their danger.

Why should *Iehoshaphat* in lawlesse war,

Assist an *Ahab*, an Idolater?

Salve this sly Sophisters, with Papall prattle:

His life was well nigh lost in that mad bawle;

Eefides, he so far felt *Astrea's* rod,

That he was sore redargued by his Godh.

But Cavilliers will cavill here, and prate,

Charles was distrest, and in a piteous strait:

(As once our *English Edward*, *Iohn*, and *Stephen*;

Richard the Second to) and so strait driven

By his owne Barons, who on him did War,

That he must seeke for ayde, both neere and far.

And like a pit false man, might use the list

Of *Turke*, *Iew*, *Pagan*, *Papist*, *Polishist*:

As one diseas'd, to heale him in sound fashion,

May use his art, thats of a forreigne Nation.

(*Gallen*, *Hipocrates*, of *Grecian Race*,

Razis or *Avicen*, *Arabians* base.)

This is a Gordian knot, Malignants thinke,

But one may loose it, who doth dreame or winke.

For

d Est aliquid
mali propter
vicinum ma-
lum, & dum
vident iusti
oculi, ledun-
tur & ipsi.
e Rev. 18. 4.
fi Kin. 22. 4
2. Kin. 2. 7.
g Verse 32.
h 2 Chr. 19. 2

For first Court Sycophants put him in the pit,
 As all may see; who hood-wink not their wit:
 His patriots too, firme friends, as pure as gold,
 If on their helping hand he had to ke hold,
 Had like to *Reuben*, and to *Jeremi*'s friend,
 Soone hug'd him out, and brought a calming end
 To his fear'd stormes; had kept him safe and sure,
 (Tho Feares no fence have, Jealousies no cure.)
 If his true friends then, (vainly thought his foes,)
 Had frost-nipt in their buds, his selfe made woes?
 What need had he to use his Mount-bancks more,
 Who make his bloody salves worse than his fore-
 But ease cries the child, whose lip doth hang,
 And soone we finde a staffe! a dog to bang:
 And we may in the straightest balruff got,
 (As Mice make holes in walls) soone make a knot.
 As easy, Kings: as combats from the barrell,
 With their best Peeres may pick or make a quarrell.
 Foxes, who at the fountaines head they drinke,
 Lambs at the streames, themselves yet wrong'd may think.
 (From reason and Religion, tho much swerving)
 Base flattery gets respect, more then deserving:
 In Courts, in Camps, in Colledges, in Schooles,
 Shewes more then substances, please flattered Fooles:
 But as Kings sow, they reap, selfe doe, selfe have,
 Better to make no wounds, then balmes to cure:
 Better sit still, then fall; for factious fellows,
 In clawing Kings, but rope themselves for th' Gallows,
 As *Empion*, *Dudley* did, and *Gaveston*,
Mortimer, *Spencers Ham*, crusht each one?
 Ill counsel'd Kings, split on the wracking shelves
 Of their selfe-will: by none hurt, but themselves:
 Causelesse on others, tho the blame they lie:
 As children full dugs sucking, then most crie.
 If lawlesse Kings will doe, what doe they should not,
 Tho Kings, they suffer must, even what they would not,
 (No more then Angels, high, now turn'd low Devils)
 They are not free from active passive evils;
 Torrents of woes break on them, still ground winning,
 Which they might well have stopt in the beginning:

*i Gen. 37. 21.
 A I. r. 38.
 11, 12.*

*IFacile est
 inquire ha-
 culum, ut cer-
 det c. mem.*

*m Fabula
 Es pi.
 n Osequium
 omicos, reli-
 tar odium pa-
 rit.
 o Gal. 6. 7.*

*p Pa. 2. 4.
 Inde 6.
 Casian bi
 Angelogy
 phia, and
 Smalcal
 looke of Ar*

Soone gets.

Soone is the fracture knit, the broken bone,
The fresh wound balm'd; scarce cur'd long let alone.
Who on the hill top stands, he needs not run
Downe, neck breake, cliffy rocks, he well may shun:
But if he will run dowhe: his wilfull race,
Precipitation brings: (a woefull case.)
He stayes not till, he to the bottome come:

q Est alia non
sunt alia &
quos perdere
vult Deus?

smontat *ros prius de*
apost. *Instat*
in mulier *Cor-*
freim in act-
omnibus Ec-
clesi. & polit.

Then Kings fall q, when their brittle glasse is run:
They need not kindle fires: they may prevent,
(By quenching sparks) the flames, which they repent;
Yet as a man halfe drown'd, on ought layes hold,
With frivolous, scruples, they doe still make bold.
Forsooth we must not touch the Lords Anointed,
In *Dauids* case? How is this Text disoynted:

For were not Priests Anointed, as were kings?

What false notes, yet, so ere, Court flattery sings:

Malignant Priests were toucht, yea two combust,

Scorcht (like *Romes* Priests of *Papus*) with lust.

Besides how topsie turvie, head to tale,

Is the Text turn'd, as underboard the saile,

For God reprov'd Kings for *Israels* sake,

His owne Anointed, not, (as most mistake,)

Israel for touching Kings: whom they destroy'd,

(*Seon* and *Og*: and such as them annoy'd:

Thus regall mists dispers'd, and clouds dispel'd,

For legall must our patriots warres be held.

Lord ope all eyes; how is the sword abused,

Against them: Ist for Liberties, Lawes used?

For, or against the Wolfe? your wits bring hither,

Birds of a feather ever flock together.

To shut your eyes against the Sun its vaine;

Pryms royall favourite, doth make this plaine,

Hence our *Armodians*, *Aristogitons*,

Our *Brutus's*, and our *Timolcons*:

Our *Statists*, *Ephorists*, have just Armes tooke up,

Ere they their owne blood drunke, in such a cup,

As *Alexander Pope*, prepar'd one night

To poyson Cardinals, or Monkish spite,

For English *John*, and *Henry* Emperour,

When their worst humours, they began to stir,

r *Psalm* 105.

133, *14*, *15*,

Psalm 136.

18, *19*,

z *As also the*

blabbing Let-

ters now lope-

med, found in

the Kings Ca-

binet at Nas-

by Field.

a *Apud Guic-*

cardinum &

Platinum.

w *The Monks*

of Bangor poi-

soned him in

the Eucharist

Hence grew *Vatians*, tho defensive wars,
 More bloody then the worst, of civill jars,
 'Twixt *Guelphs*, and *Gibellines*, *Italians*,
 The French, *Norfolks*, and *Burgundians*,
 The *Florentine Pazzi*, and the *Medices*,
 Yea, *Spinolists* and *Dorians*, nor like these,
 In *Genoa*: Nor in *Saint Patrick's Land*,
 Where *Bulwers* bold, did *Geraldines* withstand,
 Yea these hot bickerings, which *Rome's* ruines wrought,
 When the *Cæsarians* with *Pompeians* fought:
 And when fierce *Scythia*, who *Adrianus* drew,
 Unto his side sanguinolent *Factions* drew:
 Nor *Caecilines* Conspiracy of old,
 Which *Salust* hath, in bloody lines inrol'd:
 Nor these *Battalians*, when *Lawestrian* line,
 In *Albion*, did from house of *Loeks* decline:
 When as the *White Rose* in twelfe fourteen yeares,
 Was dy'd in blood of *Vulgars*, *Nobles*, *Peeres*:
 All these with many such, where lust, pomp, pride,
 In bloody coaches, did in *Trophies* ride:
 Were scarce like ours so fatal, fierce, false, chievings,
 Sanguinolent, mercenializ'd, mischieving:
 Like *Calvins* brethren, and the *Midwinters*,
Joabs and *Abners* men, in *Maruall* fights;
 We one another stab: the Son the Sire,
 Some scarce know why, since *Gospell* all desire,
 As all pretend: yet must be propagated
 By such as *Grace*, and *Gospell* ever hated.
 (As *Puttocks*, *Chicks*,) *Arminians* & *Papists*, *Kebrs*,
Abests; with *Harper* Talents, bloody needs
 Who would pervert, (subvert) *Religion*, *Laws*,
 With wiles of *Foxes*, and the *Lions* pawes.
 Great *Chyrels*, blind-folded long *Collinums* get,
 And *Helibure* b, to cure thy after wit:
 Least *Troian* like, thy deare bought, after lore,
 Cause thee to wish thou had been witt before:
 Us'd art thou ladder like, *Rome's* ends to climb,
 A Masse-God to resettle in this *Clime*:
 Round-headed sheep devour'd, dogs, shepheards, hang'd:
Tiberian Wolves brought in; unbit, unband'd.

England

a Rev. 3. 18.
 b Opus est Ele-
 leboris Horac-
 e Sero supi-
 um phriget,
 sero medicina
 paratur.

England a golden Goose, like *Venice, Spain,*
 Fresh pluckt, by *Peter-pence*, brought in againe :
 Then throw this Ladder by, they'l cry or burn it,
 Unlesse to *Rome* or *Tiber*, we can turne it,
Foxes and *Ravillacks*, they have yet store,
 To use thee as *French Henries* heretofore :
 As living Insects doe from dead Brutes breed,
 From *Parry, Lopus, Titobburne, Squire*, proceed.
 A nest of *snipers*, which would sting thy brest,
 Thee (as our *Deborah* once) they doe detest :
 Unlesse like their two *Adaries*, thou be knowne,
 Their Catholick creature; tooth and naile their owne :
 Thy face, (fate state) in other Kings, broke glasses,
 View, rue : be not seduc'd, by snakes, or asses.
 In Court and Camp, thou wilt be waited on,
 By many a *Iaques, Clement, Babington* :
 Jesuites, assassins, to make thee breake,
 Unless the language of the Beast thou speake.
 And be an Agent of the scarlet Whore,
 Sure as thy Creed, they ayme the King no more.
 If every Roundhead, in *Herodia's* with,
 Were lopt like *Lhasse*, laid in a Courty dish :
 If Protestants all, were in their bloody doome,
 As headlesse as *Caligula*, wilt *Rome* :
 Thee and thine *Escher*, (tho not worth the name,)
 Thy *Hamas* would consume * in selfe same flame,
 With thy best Subjects, who the Whoore doe hate h,
 Thou (thine) would ruine, with thy ruined State :
 Eyes quick as *Argus, Lincoens*, Hawkes and Eagles,
 Doe see thee haunted, hunted, with *Rome's* Beigles.
French, Irish, English, and lament thy state,
 'Mongst thy *Nimrodians*, most *Italiane*.
 Who tho they Spaniell-like, now feine and jeere thee,
 (As Apes and Monkie mop,) yet would they teare thee
 Worse then *Ataont* dogs, when to dire dangers,
 They had thee brought, by *Rominie d Menchri*.
 Most Noble *Charles*, what *England, Ireland* feare,
 Or feelles from Papists come, and *Ca villiers*.
 Right saddles for to set upon right horses,
 Thy Priests, thy Prelates, be our curles crosses.

Court brambles we would top, but they are sheaf
 Precious; and fruit-trees belt, for bryars repel'd
 We loath Court gangrenes, spread from ill to worse;
 We love all pure like gold, we hate the dross;
 We love not thornes and pricks: we love the rose,
 The King we dearly love: but not his foes;
 Except as we for their conversion pray,
 Or fear'd confusion; (dogs have but their day;
 As had *Apostate Julian*, whose curst head,
 By prayers the Primitive Church, soone crushed dead,
 Tyrants like him be clouds, for squibs I thinke,
 Their flashes, fires, cracks, thunders, end in stinke.
 Quince, Apples, Peares, we love, but we love not,
 In peares (or Peeres) or Prince, what's naught and rot,
 Like to *Exchid's* Figs; the nuts faire shell,
 We loath: of wormes, if the rot kernell smell.
 A King we love for wisdom, not for wracks,
 Borne in Malignants Armes, or on their backs;
 Chain'd to their hearts: his power pind on their sleeve,
 To shoot their bolts, to scale what they beleeve:
 We love a shepheard, who loves in his heart
 His sheep: but not as he with wolves takes part,
 Seales them a warrant, or his Shepperdesse,
 (Or sleeps till seal'd,) to woody great and lesse,
 A hundred fifty thousand, as Priests boast,
 In (the right land of Ire) *Saint Patrick's* coast.
 Besides these naked stripe, as crickets, wormes,
 In frosts and colds, serv'd to untimely times.
 The Sun we love and Planetary powers,
 Ripening plants, minerals; filling out bowers
 With *Ceres*, (*Bacchus*) *Ermines*: but when in May
 Malignant Plagues doe beare the way,
 Calmeaire that they imbitter, and d'ventence,
Phobus his sweet, and fruitfull influence,
 This we love not: since what God gives most good
 Turnes worst infected, like corrupted blood,
 Which purer that it was, it sooner locks
 Life in Death chaines, by leavens, pells and pox,
 Infection taking soone; as tinder powder
 Takes fire; which makes the crack (the wrack) the louder.

*In Nubecula
 cito transiens
 in Read the
 booke called
 Bruta fulmi-*

*Corruptio
 optimi pes-*

A sword we love well matcht, well watcht, well man'd;
In *David's*, *Salomon's*, or *Samuel's* hand;
To hew our *Hagages*, our *Amalakites*,
Which doth avenge our blouds; our wrongs with rights;
Not governed by a fem, fox, child, or boy;
Themselves or others likely to destroy:
This is *Tom-sell-urth*; and in plaine words said,
We *Macedonians* call a spaide a spaide:
We from equivocating are averie,
With *Friers* and *Iesuites* we doe not converse;
Their verminish Lies, and their Gunpowder evill,
They learned from the Serpent; from the Devill.
For to anatomize our hearts more plaine,
Let *Momus* through and through them looke againe.
A Pilot wise we love; which set at Helms,
Steeres right: not those, who State-ships overwhelme,
Ill counsell'd, to split upon the rocks
Of *Papisme*, *Lawlesse*, will, *Court flatterers*, blocks:
Our Children deare we love: but we love not
In Children, scuffes, scabs, carbuncles, or spot;
Their bodies, soules, healths wealths, and names we love,
But their vaine humors we doe not approve:
Chiefe their unequall weddings; when vaine elves
With us they quite undoe, their silly selves:
Ruinat their houses, breake their parents hearts,
As *Esau* did, by acting *Esaus* parts:
By marrying with a *Hebrite*, *Cananite*,
Whom God and good men have abhorred quite:
By matching with a *Dallslah*, a *Lait*,
A *Rhodope*, *Zanippe*, *Flora*, *Thiss*:
Romes proud *Popees*, or *French Bruni* child,
(Best Peeres of *France*, by bloody wiles, who kill'd)
Chiefe wedding one infected with disease
Of swolne spleens like, *Katherine de medices*:
Margaret of France, and such *French* fems as ever,
Ominous to *England* were, but prosperous never:
As now our pressures are beyond expression
Able in marbled hearts, to make impression,
More cause to shew of our inforced Wars,
Were drops to adde to seas, to Sunshyne Stars;

61 Sam. 21.
p1 Kin. 3. 24
91 Sam. 15.
32. 33.
Neque dra-
gladum.
flavens aia-
te & moribus
apud philoso-
phum.
Gen. 3. 5.
Erimus
quam diu, id
est demum.

n Gen 26.
34. 35.
w Deut 7. &
Chap. 13.

1 Sam. 2. 25

7 In Grofsur
his Tragieall
Hiftories.

2 Eſay 10. 3.

As we *Charles* Person, (nor his Parasites) love,
Heaven ſpeed our Plough: our Cause ſo bleſſe great *Jove*,
Moralists who *Ethicks* read, know in a trice,
That we may love a man, but hate his vice:
In Loſer, Love, Luſts, Follies ſonnes we hate,
Chiefe when their Comrades, would them ruinate,
And they with *Eſt*'s ſons to ruine tending x,
To all good counſels deafned eares belending;
As Records writ (like *Thebes* and *Troy*) in bloud,
Relate their falls, who Counſels have withſtood:
Lies then which taxe our loves, come from the Devill,
Once more we love the King; not the Kings Evil,
Which hath kild moe within this three yeares ſpace,
In both Climes, of each Sex, Carbe. and Race;
Then all late plagues, in *Austria*, *Rome*, *Vienna*,
Which Idollizers shipped for *Gehenna*,
In *Charons* boate: Oh here the ſhoote doth wrinch!
We doe not put it off, yet tho it pinch,
As Court, Camp, State, by *Doegs* be diſjoynted,
Doegs we tough; but not the Lords Annoynted.
Let this then muzzle all Malignant lips,
The Prince we love; but not his Peſts, our Whips x
We are not Spaniels, nor yet *Ruſſian* Wives,
We cannot love our beaters, for our lives.
We are not Stockiſh, *Iriſh*-*Lacques*-*Laffer*:
Better for beating, like to *Hemp* and *Alles*:
Of Travellers coriati'd, we paſſe the ranks,
We cannot injuries receive with thanks.
If a *Muſulman* ſtrike an *Engliſh* man
Right bried; he ſparrs but with a Cocke oth' game.
What need my moved Muſe Apologize
More, for our Senators, juſt, pious, wiſe:
Our Patriots themſelves well underſtand,
They aime to ſweep *Romes* Locuſts from the Land:
To ſhake thoſe poyſonous vipers off, which cleave,
More like to *Charles* his heart, then hand or ſleeve;
By demonſtration this is more then plaine,
To every eye not blinde, head mad, heart vaine:
A King they wiſh like gold, refin'd (removed
The drolle) as once of God and man beloved,

Like

Like *Johna* and *Samuel*; by b. good behaviour,
 Who grew with God: and man in grace and favour,
 As *Nero* for some yeares vvvas lov'd of Saints,
 Ere fired *Rome*, with Martyrs bloud he paints,
 Their loves turne pities, that by flattering breath,
 Too credulous Kings, should laughing goe to death,
 As did *Celarus* that *Gymnosophist*,
 And learn'd *Democritus*, *Philologist*.
 Tho subtle cubs, by clawinge, *Tigers* please,
 (As *Dionisius* hug'd, base *Damocles*)
 Their pawes yet felt, ill manag'd by their breeders,
 They kill for want of clawing, friends and feeders.
 I draw my paper sailes up at this time,
 In few words, adde my *Colophonian* line:
 We love a wi'e, just, and right counsell'd King;
 But not a vassalized underling;
 To what his creature mould him, tost and hurried,
 As in their ship and coach; or hauke-like carried,
 As on his Faulconers fists, (whom he so loves,)
 Tibers Crowes spair'd, to pounce his rich plum'd Doves.
Phobus we lo. e, not *Phaeton* to ride,
 Drawne with wilde horses trap in Prelates pride:
 Yea Horses of *Bellerophon*, too bad,
 Which wise *Minerva's* cubing bit nee'r had.
David Sauls skin toucht not e, yet in his rage,
 His harp and hand f, his frenzies did asswage:
 Now our *Patricians*, *David's* Art and Heart
 Dee use; infore'to act the cubing part,
 O: just wife *Ephorists*, as most phy. call,
 To cure the humours tumours of some *Saul*,
 Whose furious darrs are throwne in either clime,
 At *Jonathans* just g, but at no *Philistine*,
 Unto, untun'd States, Pretors, Tribunes ever,
 Musicians were, Chyrurgians, which the Liver,
 Yea, Heads and Hearts of dead sick Common-wealths,
 Did seeke to cure, and to procure their healths:
 As our *Samaritans* seeke to heale and help,
 Now a sick King, sicke state, (what ere *Keb's* yelp)
 Yea for to rescue him, my faith beleeves,
 Both false and wounded mongt a den of theeves.

a Luke 1.80.

b 1 Sam. 2.26

c In his quinquagennium.

d Apud Curium.

e 1 Sam. 24.

10.

f 1 Sam. 16.

23.

g 1 Sam. 20.

23.

His true friends credit this, sure as their *Cruc*,
 Their *Pater noster* is, he may not bleed :
 That no haire from him fall, no finger ake,
 At thought of which, their very hearts doe quake :
 They wish that from Court Philters free, from Charmes
 Of *Baboniads*, he be free from harmes :

1st Tim. 2.2.

Nero reigned
 in *Pauls* time
 under whom
 he was cru-
 cified with
Peter.

His Senators (firmest friends) these snakes detest,
 Who hate his Person : Crowne : Seed : Eagled nest,
 For him and his, they heartily doe pray h,

As *Paul* for *Nero* i, (tho contrary way,
 Some Serpents hissle) for King of *Babylon*,
 As *Ieros* did pray : (what ere fooles babble on)

So they for him : that God would ope his eyes,
 Direct, correct his will, and make him wise ;
 Like the patrizing son of him, whose name,
 Of *Rex pacifous*, loud trumps his fame :

We pray his course by Parliamensing loe,
 That he may steare, as *Albons* Kings of yore :
 This *Via Lactea*, in a golden meane ;

Would make him unto after times a Theame.

Yea, subject of an Annall, and a Story,
 Graven in brasse, to his immortall glory :

As were our *Henries*, Fifth, and Seventh, (not Eight)
 Young *Edward*, *Lames*, *Eliza*. who rul d right.

Alphonsus, *Dionocles*, and *Aristides*,
 Envied *Themistocles*, *Miltiades*.

We pray he may live blest, like *Charl demaine*,

And rise in Honour, (dead) above *Charles Waine* :

Thus votes each *Round-head*, and each *Sound-head* plaine,

His, and the Kingdomes losse, so to regaine :

This would them glad, as if from *France* and *Spaine*

Charles were return'd, into himselfe againe ;

(As by a metaphoriz'd transmutation,

Or by a *Pythagorian* transmigration,)

His going from himselfe ; into vaine hearts,

Good soules hath sadden'd (madden'd) hatcht our smarts.

Malignants doe not these beleve at all,

Put on our Senators acts, still spurt more gall.

Our State disease now found withouten fees,

I curing counsell give ; cut downe the trees

Which

Which bud from *Tiber*, and to *Tiberus* tend;
 At least their lopping cropping I commend:
 Or else translate them to another soile;
 Who would not worry wolves, the lambs who spoile?
 When the great *Pan* (beats dogs, which fright the fox,
 And sides with wolves, then *Roundheads* fit for blocks;
 Then will the world run round on whirling wheels,
 Antipodiz'd, then goe our upward heeles,
 And downe false heads: the Cavillier then swaggers,
 Or reeles, like calves with sturdy, hords with staggers,
 Fooles we who chuse the b, ambles, leave the C, ears,
 Olives and Vines to be our Heads, Guides, Leaders,
 Whil'st each *Abimelecke*, like ram or beare,
 Our *Gideonized* heads would crush; th. oates teare:
 Dragging the Lion too, to take their part,
 (As doth the Lionesse) whil'st they his heart,
 (Unpapiz'd) plot to pierce, yet 'mongst themselves,
Scibimises may fight: millstones may crush these elves:
 As once on *Ameleck* were hailstones rained,
 Slings'd stones^k, hornes^l, goads^m, jawbonesⁿ, have Tyrants
 Some way just *Nemesis* will burne our bryers: (tamed,)
 What trees be not for fruits, must be for fires:
 Downe must they, tho whole woods, and groves for number,
 The Common-wealths grand Forrest, if they cumber:
 Our *Iothams* just, from times and histories,
 Propound these parables, these misteries:
 Tho like *Cassandra*, they be not beleevd,
 Which glads mad *Greekes*, tho *Trojans* true be grievd:
 Each trusty *Troilus*, *Laomedon*,
Chaliss and *Hector* for their madnesse mourne,
 Whil't every *Paris*, who his Paradiſe
 Plants in his lusts, is blinde to all advice:
 So much Court *Philisers*, poysoned, can bewitch them,
 Till their owne rods of ruine, scourge and switch them:
 Meane space *Eoliss*, and *Dardanians* smarts,
 Whil'st princely *Priamus* acts even pitied parts:
 Who least his fatall favourites be annoyd,
 Lets *Troy* still burne; till *Ilium* be destroyed:
 Yet he and his for bloud of many an *Abell*,
 May by his mad blades fall, tho propt by *Babel*:

*Judges 9. per
 to 14. m.*

*verse 53.
 k Sam. 17. 49
 l Iosb. 6. 20.
 m Judges 3. 3
 n Chs. 15. 16.
 o Mat. 3. 10.*

*Quicquid
 delirant Re-
 ges plebs uni-
 versaeq;
 Achivi.*

(As

2 Sam. 21. 1, (As in good *David's* dayes it came to passe p;
 Whose Kingdome for *Saul's* bloody house plagu'd was.)
 Unless some: Hearb of Grace, so rub his eye,
 For crimson fumes scene, he for mercies cry
 q Crying (As did *Mauritius* q, *Theodorus* r, *Saul*,
 w ben mur- *Israel's* sweet finger; Paganish converts all.)
 rber'd by Unless that mercy pull him from the jawes
 Phocas: justus Of murderers, theeves, (they left unto the Lawes.)
 est dominus As well deserving in my resolution,
 & rectum ju- As *Scyron*, *Cacus*, *Faux*: just execution:
 dicium. The bloody oathes of his *God-damned* must,
 r After his Turne out their blood to Mummified dust:
 Thessalonian: Yea their grand Proctors (with their Doctors all
 Massacre: Right *Balamiz'd*) like house of *Abbas*, *Saul* w,
 Ambrose Yea like the house of *Dagon* and *Blick's* Friars,
 brought him May fall downe flat; for blood still blood requires;
 to publicke And Idols which doe most pollute a Land,
 penance. Tho' prop by Royall favourites, cannot stand:
 s Acts. 9. 11. Retaliating vengeance in times all,
 t Ties. 1. 13. Keepe measures x which be Geometricall,
 & 2 Sam. 11. And Arithmeticall: like sinnes still heap,
 # 2 Kings 9. Like sorrowes y, as men sow, so must they reap;
 26. Eat as they bake, and drinke such as they brew:
 w Sam. 20. 2 The bowies of blood, their last Hearb must be Rew.
 2 Sam. 21. 6. *Adonizel* e k who the Thumbes off cut,
 x Mat. 7. 2. Of seaventy Kings r, was to like penance put:
 y Pena & And that *Perillus*, who himselfe did gill,
 culpa propo- *Phalaris* him roasts a, in his owne torturing Bulls
 ti. r. 11. That Dancing Minions head too in a trice,
 z Ind. 1. 6. Who *John's* head beg'd, was lopt (some say) by yce.
 a Sicnech A bloody King, worse Queene by dogs were gnawne:
 artifices arte Their bloody Pageants, perish all their spawn:
 parire sua. Most *Pagan Artians*, *Papall* persecutions;
 Found *Indis* fates, and *Toles* executions.
 Whole Volumes could I write to let Kings see,
 From former misdeed Kings, their Tragedie,
 Their steps: who following fast, their troile wayes running,
 They needs must fall, for all *Romew* dawbling cushing.
 To salve all these, great *Charles* that was may deafe,
 Thou and thy Crowne secur'd, get grace with peace;
 Peace

Peace with thy God, peace with thy Parliament,
 For Gospell, God, thy Good, whose aimes be bent
 This clears all clouds, this teares wipes from the eyes
 Of all good subjects, heales all maladies;
 See with their *Lincolne* eyes, worke with their hands,
 Thou and thy Scepter to securely stand
 Rome had not bled an object of poore pity,
 But flourish'd like that Sea-wed maiden City.
 Had bloody *Nero*, sterne *Domician*,
Clodius and *Claudius*, like *Vespasian*,
 Fortunate *Augustus*, *Traian*, *Adrian*,
 (Prais'd like *Germanicus* by every man,)
 Consulted with *Rome* Senate, as of late,
 The great *Fenician* Duke, with that wise State,
 As *Homer* (his best president for Kings)
 With *Nestor* and *Ulysses*, counselling bringe,
 His *Agamemnon*; *Zenophon* his *Cyrus*,
 With his grand Peeres: in History *Darius*,
 With his *Zopyrus*: with his *Cynear*,
 Great *Pirrhus*: by whose wits he Conquerour was,
 As *Alexander* by *Parmenio*,
 Did victorize what he did undergoe,
 Great *Assuerus* by his *Perfians* wife,
 Is quit with *Vassi* who did him despise.
 Yea *Israels* finger in the Text divine,
 By *Hushai's* Councell, plots did countermine,
 And *Ninneve's* King consults with his grand Peeres,
 Heavens wrath to pacifie by Prayers and Teares,
 Yea *Abfolom* heares his *Achitaphel*,
 Tho a Malignant worse then *Matchavell*:
 Oh shut thy eares great Prince to Counsels given
 By Serpents, ope them wide to notes from Heaven,
 Good men be ships, wide ope to sun and skie,
 To earth and water, yet close shut they lie.
 Good eares and hearts ope (like the *Marygold*
 Unto the Sun) to Counsell rightly told;
 The bad shut like the spring-lock: Adders deafe,
 Heare not, or to their hearing give beleife:
 Like *Zedekiah*, or like *Eli's* sons,
 Who threatnings scoff, like squibs and paper guns:

Lightnings and thunders held in bolts the feld,
 Hearts *Pharizies*, less then Smiths Anvils met.
 Lord soften thine like wax, to take impression
 Of sound advice, this soone salves all digression.
 Oh blesse our eyes or eares with that blessed day,
 To know thee with thy Peeres; for which we pray;
 (A Senate just they be, tho thou retire;
 A wife's a wife, tho scorcht with jealous ire:
 A husband wrongfully seduc'd, forsake her.)
 But of thy presence be they once partaker;
 This would turne Guns to Gownes, and Blades to Bookes;
 Calme furious *Mars*, and cleare *Bellona's* lookes:
 This Targets turnes to Plowes: Helms to Hives,
 Speares into Mattocks, Swords to Trades-mens knives:
 Penury to Plenty, Discords into Loves:
 Haggards to Hens, and Harpies into Doves.
 Wars into Peace; and into pleasure paines,
 The golden Age should thus returne againe.
 Oh this would dignifie our *Albions* fame;
Anglois should name of Angels thus regaine;
 Yea what's ere is lost this would make even,
 In dry hay make up all, our Hell turn'd Heaven.
 Thus have I ript State wounds, Church wracks, *Campe* woes,
 With salves: ere *Cynthia* yet few circles goes;
 If these my sound prescriptions be tooke well,
 My Muse to balme our bleedings, moe may tell,
 Ecclesiastick and Politicall,
 Tho against these some *Dogs* loud will baule;
 Some Asses bray, some Snakes sting; which no cure
 For the Kings Evill, can or will indure:
 In touch of which such Cavalier who kicks;
 Shewes that his gall'd hide, my sharpp pen pricks.

